THE Primitive Methodists have 4,764

THE Mennonite Brethren in Christ number 1 113 THE Zion Union Apostolic Methodists numer 2,346.

THE Amish Mennonites have a follow ing of 10.101. Tun Original Freewill Baptists are 11.864 in number.

THE Brethren or Dunkards (Progressive) number 8,089

THE Old Catholies have 665 members in four societies. THE Apostolic Mennonites claim

following of 200. THE Independent Methodists claim a membership of 2,569. THE General Baptists claim a mem-

bership of 21,862. THE Armenian church has six socicties, with 835 members.

THE Plymouth Brethren have a membership of about 26,471.

THE United Baptists have 163 societies and a membership of 9,361. THE Evangelist Missionary Methodists have 951 communicants.

THE Orthodox Friends, or Quakers, have a membership of 80,655. THE Congregational Methodists have

214 societies and 8,765 members. THE Russian Orthodox church has in the United States 13,504 members.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS MARY ROSE SARTORIS, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, is suffering from an accident, the result of an experience on a bicycle.

REV. ANNA SHAW was asked to name one of the big trees in the Yosemite valley, and she chose one of a group of three particularly fine ones and named it Susan B. Anthony.

MISS MARIA M. LOVE, of the Buffalo W. C. T. U., told the local conference of charities and corrections recently that if girls would learn to cook, sew and keep house tidily there would be less drinking by men.

MISS POWDERLY, the American secretary to Lady Henry Somerset, is a New England woman with a college education. She is a linguist, musician, stenographer and typewriter, besides being a very beautiful penman

THE RAILROADS.

ALL employes of the Boston Maine railroad have been forbidden, by an order just issued, from using to bacco in any form while on duty, also when off duty if wearing uniform or railroad badge.

NEARLY every engine on roads running into Chicago blows its whistle in a different way upon entering or leaving the city. A good many members of the crew have wives or sweethearts within hearing distance of these whistles, and the signals announce to them the arrival or departure of the train.

STILL DISSATISFIED.—The man who sighs for the happy day
When a barefoot boy he ran,
Is the same old boy who used to say:
"I wisht I was a man."
—Philadelphia Record.

Is Your **Blood Pure** If not, it is important that you make it

pure at once with the great blood purifier Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipa-

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S **MEDICAL DISCOVERY**

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS. Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofule down to a common Pimple.

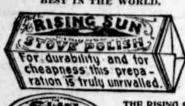
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his ossession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts be-

ing stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or billour it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in w time. Sold ty all Druggists. inful in water at bed-





Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A. * HIGHEST AWARD *

WORLD'S FAIR. IMPERIA! * THE BEST * PREPARED **700**





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CHAPTER XX.

She understood him now, and bless ing him for his little ruse, went quickly to the hospital. The old father was watching her from a parting in the window curtain, and as she tripped toward the hospital an expression of satisfaction came over his face. And that is how Alice came to be installed as

Brown's nurse. Brown slept for two hours calmly and peacefully. When he at last slowly, half dreamily awoke he felt a soft hand on his forehead, and opening his eyes they met those of his darling one. "Ned, my darling, do you know me? Do you know your Alice?" she whisp-

ered, bending over him. "Know you, my blessed angel? Of course I do," he replied, making an effort to throw his arms about her She gently stopped him and with a blush upon her happy face said:

"No, Ned, not here. Someone may see you. The attaches of the hospital do not think it strange that I should nurse my noble rescuer back to health and strength again, but they might not see the propriety of me permitting his embraces. They are not aware that your nurse's heart is all yours, my darling, every little, tiny bit of it."

"Bless you for those words, my love. And you have been with me often the surgeon tells me."

Yes, Ned, very often, but you were delirious and did not know me. The surgeon had almost given you up, and oh! my darling, my poor heart was breaking. He has just told me that you have passed the crisis and will live, and I have been down on my knees by your cot thanking the Father for sparing you to me. Now Ned, dear, listen to me. You are not yet out of danger, and you are in my care, and the doctor has given me imperative orders to not let you talk much. I am going to obey orders implicitly, and I am going to make you obey me. Do you hear that, Mr. Ned? Here, now, it is time for you to take your medicine. There! Be careful! Don't spill it all over your chin. You careless fellow! You are the most awkward patient I ever had."

Thus she went on in mock reproof. The happy tones of her voice and the arch, loving smile which accompanied her words did him more good than could any medicine in the post dispensary.

"But, Alice, I must talk. I cannot lie

"No, you must not talk, you rebellious darling." Then glancing around to see that no one was near she implanted a kiss on his pale lips and continued: There now, see if that will seal your lips. You must just lie there and let me do all the talking. Papa says I am a little nuisance of a chatterbox anyhow, so I guess I can talk enough for both of us.'

"Then tell me all that has happened since I lost consciousness behind the rocks, and I will lie as cuiet as a mouse and listen," he said, taking her hand in his and pressing it warmly.

"All right, and don't you forget your promise or I may punish you again by sealing your lips. You see, the people at the fort heard the firing when the Indians came upon us, and just after you fainted away a troop came dashing up with papa at its head. He sprang from his horse with great big tears in his eyes, the very first I ever saw there in all my life, and I thought he would hug me to death. He asked me if the Indians had harmed me and I told him they had not, but I feared you were killed. He stooped down over you and looked at your pale face and the blood all over your breast, and then, O, Ned, he raved like a madman. I never saw him in such a passion before! He stamped the ground and struck the rocks with his sword and swore, oh! just awfully! He called you by name, and (now, you mustn't mind, Ned, for it was only papa's bluster and he didn't mean it) he called you a villain and told you get up and not lie there making a fool of yourself and said if you attempted to die he would have you drummed out of the service. He called you a brave, noble rascal, and said he'd rather lose every man in the garrison than you. Then he turned on Capt. Colby and asked him what in the-bad man, you knowhe was standing there for like a gaping idiot while the Indians were escaping, and ordered him to follow and every one of them. The troop dashed ahead and overtook the Indians in the sand hills across the river and had an awful fight with them, for more Indians had come after the band that chased us. Papa sent his orderly flying back to the fort after the surgeon and an ambulance, and then he fussed around and hugged me and called you good and bad names until the surgeon came. Then you were lifted in the ambulance, papa scolding the soldiers and telling them he would annihilate them if they hurt you. On the way in you recovered consciousness but were delirious. You kept begging me to fly to the fort and save myself and leave you to your fate, and papa asked if you had talked that way when

you was fighting the Indians, and when I told him those were your very words his lips trembled, and he turned his back and began to abuse the poor driver for running over stones. And that's the whole story, dear, from a to izzard."

"God bless him, his heart is in the right place, if his tongue does fly the track occasionally. Oh, my darling! Her plump little hand was gently

pressed over his mouth, and with a warning shake of the head she said: "There, there, there! Did I not forbid you talking? You will find me a hard master, old fellow, for I will enforce obedience to my orders. Listen! I

hear papa's voice in the surgeon's of-"Came to his senses, eh? Concluded he'd made an infernal fool of himself long enough. That's right. That's right. That's sensible, and now you want to get him onto his feet again and do it quick, or, damme, I'll shut up your drug shop and drum you out of the garrison. How would you like that, you old pill mixer? Eh, Doe?"

"It would all depend on the tune I marched to, colonel. If the band would play: "See the corn-curing hero comes," or some other air laudatory of this burning desire he finally said: my profession, I don't think I would "Col. Sanford, before I return to the

mind it much. Brown has certainly safely passed the crisis, and if nothing unforeseen occurs will rapidly recover. But it was a close call, colonel. That shot would prove fatal in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I can't see where his heart could have been for that

ball to miss it." "In his mouth, no doubt, or- Well, no matter. I think it was not in his possession at the time. But, pshaw! You can't kill an infernal rascal like him, Doc, a-a-a-a lion that masquerades n the skin of a dum jackass. I'll make him shed that donkey skin when he gets on his feet again. Yes, damme I'll make him wear his own colors. I'll go in and take a look at him." The old man entered the ward and

walked up to the wounded man's cot. There was a look of unmistakable tenderness in his face as he gazed on the pale features of the wounded man, and then on his daughter.

"How is your patient, Sunshine?" he asked in the mildest tone of voice she had ever heard him use outside of his own home "O, he is doing real nicely, papa, and

we now feel sure he will recover from his cruel wound. The surgeon gave me strict orders not to allow him to talk, and I have just been scolding him for attempting to do so." "That's right. Make him keep his

mouth shut only when he takes his medicine, and if he refuses to obey orders, gag him." A broad smile rested on his face as he spoke. Then for a moment, again contemplating the wan face of the soldier, he said: "Private Brown, I am a gentleman,

sir, and I think I know what is due from one gentleman to another. Give me your hand, sir, and accept my warmest thanks and most hearty gratitude for your noble, gallant rescue of the light of my life, this sweet girl here, from a horrible fate at the hands of those murderous Apaches, and for your courageous defense of her life when attacked by overwhelming numbers. Your action was that of a soldier, sir, and you honor the uniform you wear. "Col. Sanford, I-"

"Stop, sir, not a word!" the old man interrupted when Brown essayed to speak. You have orders to not talk, and a good soldier always obeys orders. Eh, Sunshine? Not a word, sir, nor an



"HOW IS YOUR PATIENT, SUNSHINE?"

attempt to utter a word. I hope to soon see you ready to return to duty. When you are ready to leave the hospital report to me for instructions. I will see you again, sir. Sunshine, take good care of him." And the old officer walked away.

CHAPTER XXL What a bright, generous flood of sunlight he left behind him. Two young hearts glowing with an encouragement

that filled their souls with happiness supreme. The days passed rapidly, and despite the pain he suffered they were happy days to Private Brown, for Alice was ever by his cot encouraging him with her devoted love. Nor was she alone in her attentions to the wounded man. Every officer and lady in the garrison called daily and bestowed upon him the kindest attention, their hearts glowing with admiration for his herosm. I said every officer. That was not true. Lieut. Vandever never came near him. That officer now kept close in the seclusion of his own quarters only when obliged to come forth on duty. When his troop was ordered hastily into the saddle to fiv to the assistance of Brown in his defense of the ommander's daughter Vandever pleaded illness and took to his bed for a day. The looks of contempt which were east at him by the other officers after that day made his life one not to be envied, and it was not long before. at his own request, he was transferred to a distant garrison, where he vowed he would begin his military career

With tender, loving hands Alice administered to her lover's every want, and the roses deepened in her checks. her eyes grew brighter and her musical laugh took on a more joyous ring as she noted his fast increasing strength. When he was at last permitted to rise from his cot and walk slowly about the ward supported by her arm, she

seemed happy and joyous as a child. One fine morning before Alice had one to the hospital on her daily mision of love, the surgeon and Brown sat talking in the former's office. The patient had on the previous day walked to his troop's quarters, where he was given an ovation by his com-

"It is a lovely warm morning, Brown," the surgeon said, "and if you will walk slowly and not over-exert yourself you can go and surprise the colonel and your little nurse with a call. I am sure they will warmly wel-

come you." He needed no second bidding, and caning on a cane for support, walked slowly to the colonel's quarters. the way he met several officers, and warm were the congratulations poured upon him over his recovery. Again he crossed the porch as he had done a few weeks before, but not now with fear

and trembling. Entering the hall he rapped lightly at the colonel's door. The same sharp, harsh "Come in," greeted his ears, but it did not now fill him with alarm. Turning the knob, he entered.

"Private Brown, by all the gods of war!" cried the bluff old soldier, arising and grasping his hand. "Out again, ch? Once more on your pins? That's right. Take a chair. I am

very glad to see you.' For half an hour they conversed regarding his wound, his return to duty and various other topics, but the young soldier's thoughts were in another apartment with his loved one, and he onged to greet her for the first time in

hospital will you not permit me to pay my respects to my faithful nurse, Misz Sanford?"

"Private Brown, we may as well come to an understanding right now. You nobly risked your life to restore my beloved child to my arms, and I am deeply grateful to you for doing so. It was but her simple duty to nurse you through the long days of suffering which you were called upon to endure from a severe and dangerous wound received in her defense. She performed that duty, and with my full approval and consent. Her duties as your nurse are now at an end, and I regret that I may give you pain after all you suffered for her if, in doing what I consider to be a father's duty, I use harsh language toward you. You may think it cruel and heartless, sir, when I tell you that I cannot permit her in her own home to receive a call from a private soldier, no matter how worthy that soldier may be."

Brown's face paled, as the cruel words cut into his heart as a knife. A great fear came upon him, and he almost grouned aloud in his agony of spirit. He tried to speak, but with a gesture the officer stopped him.

"Now, sir, hear my decree, from the enforcement of which I will never swerve a jot. After this visit Private Richard Brown will never again be permitted to enter this house, and I shall forbid my daughter to ever again mention his name in my presence. This may seem damnably cruel to you, sir, after what you have done for us, but there are rules of propriety in army life that cannot be disregarded. My daughter cannot maintain friendly relations with a private in the ranks."

He paused and regarded the young man closely. Brown sat as dumb as a marble statue and almost as pale, for his heart was completely crushed at the cruel decree.

"But," the colonel resumed, with a strange twinkle in his eyes, "Lieut. Edward Thornton will always be a welcome guest at my home. There is your commission, sir, you trembling rascal, fresh from the hands of the secretary of war. Lieutenant Thornton, let me be the first to congratulate you upon your promotion, and to assure you that if you prove as faithful in the discharge of your duties as an officer as Private Brown always proved as a soldier in the ranks, the stars of a general may some day rest upon your shoulders." As he spoke he handed the young man his commission, and warmly

grasped his hand, while a grim smile played over his face. Thornton took the paper mechanically. In his wild astonishment he could not utter a word. He stood there trembling and turning white and red by turns until the old officer broke into a

loud laugh over his embarrassment. "Paralyzes you, my boy? Just pet-rifies you with amazement. By Godfrey, I have had that document hid away for two weeks just to have this fun with you. Never mind, lieutenant (slapping him familiarly on the shoulder) you'll get over it and regain full use of your paralyzed tongue after awhile. I will find something that will restore your speech. Alice! Alice!"

"Coming, papa, in a moment," came silvery voice from another part of the Like a ray of loveliest sunshine she entered, and an exclamation of pleas-

ure fell from her lips at sight of her lover. "Lieut. Thornton, allow me to pre sent my daughter, Miss Sanford. Alice. dear, this is First Lieut. Edward Thornton, a new officer just assigned to duty

with B Troop, Sixth cavalry. The old man darted out of the

clasped in each other's arms. "Ned, dear, what is the matter with apa? What did he mean by such an introduction?"

As an answer he placed the commission in her hands, and a hasty glance at the document told her all. With a glad cry she again clasped her arms around the young officer's neck and together they wept tears of joy.

"Your father says you must never mention the name of Private Brown again, darling," he said, with a smiling

"I just don't care what papa says, 1 will always love him. He was my first love, and the name Private Brown will always be a cherished one in my heart.' How handsome he looked in his new uniform, with the straps of a first lieutenant resting on his shoulders. And ow proud the day when Col. Sanford introduced him to the officers of the garrison as a brother officer and as his prospective son-in-law. From every officer of the post he received a most hearty welcome into the official ranks, and not one of them but felt honored with the friendship of one whose heroism had been put to such an extreme test and had not been found wanting.

A couple of years after their marriage Lieut, and Mrs. Thornton were sitting on the porch of their quarters enjoying the refreshing coolness of a New Mexicosummer evening. The lieutenant was enjoying a cigar and watching the everchanging hues of the western clouds as the sun slowly sank down behind the San Mateo mountains while his lovely wife sat seanning the columns of the last issue of the Army and Navy Jour-

'O. Ned! Here is an item about Mr. Vandever," she exclaimed. "What is it, dear?"

"Dismissed from the service for cowardice in the face of the enemy in an Indian campaign in Wyoming."

"It does not astonish me," he replied. Such unworthy men but rarely get into the service to cast reproach upon the most honored profession on earth, and they invariably meet with their just deserts. An ulcer has been removed from an otherwise healthy body.'

Promotion came in successive steps to our hero as the years rolled on. Maj. Thornton now commands one of the most important posts in the far He is yet in the very prime of manhood, and is the idel of his beloved Alice, whose marital life has been one of unclouded happiness. The major's aunt, whom he and Alice several times visited in her Brooklyn home, died several years ago leaving hun a large fortune, yet he remains in the service where he found such great happiness, and expects to serve his country until retired by reason of age.

Often they sit together in the beautiful western twilight, the dignified, handsome officer and his lovely wife, and talk of the strange events which clustered around their courtship, and when he gently chides her for her lack her own home. Unable to suppress of taste in falling in love with an humble private in the ranks. THE END.

HE WAS JUST MARRIED.

His Wife Was Just Married, Too, and They Didn't Care Who Knew It. "For yourself and wife?" As the hotel clerk uttered these words

the newly-arrived guest, a tall, spare man of forty, with side whiskers, looked up from the register with a confident mile as he said: "Yes, sir, for myself and wife, and

not only that, but I don't want a room on the seventh floor, several blocks away from the fire escape, and where it will take the call boy all night to reach. I want the bridal chamber, and there is a choice of bridal chambers, want the best one. I make no bones "No, sir." he went on, with an authoritative wave of the hand; "I was married at noon to-day, and I am bound to face all the consequences. and I don't care who knows it. We had a house wedding, at which there were present one hundred and fifty guests of the family, and all sent presents, which in array and magnificence are not equaled anywhere. We arrived on the five o'clock train, and my blushing bride is now in the ladies' reception room, waiting with quivering heart for my return.

"As you will observe, there is some ice on the brim of my hat, and our name is festooned in bright red letters on the end of our new trunks, I bought especially for the joyous occasion, and you would know my bride was genuine a mile off by her light gray traveling costume, her spic-andspan new hat and her general air of timidity. We have been out only four hours, but I have already addressed my wife as "dearest" five times in the presence of total strangers, and she has responded with "darling" in each instance, and we propose to keep this up during our wedding trip, which will last six weeks and cover Niagara falls, Washington, the Natural bridge of Virginia and other principal points of interest.

"My name is Amos R. Able, and I am out on my wedding trip with the dearest, sweetest little woman in the world. I have money to burn, there is no deceit in my heart, I want the best of everything, and I want the whole world in general to know that I am the happiest man alive. Now is there anything more you would like to know?

"Nothing, sir," replied the clerk, as he closed the ledger, took down a key from the board and rang the gong for the hall boy. - St. Louis Republic.

MANY BAD SPELLERS.

some of Them Are Journalists and World-Wide Celebrities. A little boy, examined before a magistrate, was asked to spell the sentence:

"I am grateful for the benefits I have received." He managed to spell it all correctly except the last word, which he wrote thus, "recieved." The magistrate pronounced this to be 'fatal," and sent the lad to school.

Enforce the same rule impartially all round, and where would be half the world's celebrities? Take two ladies first. Sarah Bernhardt can not spell well, and one of our

own most cherished actresses does not always spell correctly. In a recent autograph letters of hers we find "oc-Then Bismarck never could spell.

He himself has confessed to "a lack of diligence at school," as a consequence of which his letters contain many spelling errors. John Bright was another statesman somewhat weak in the same particular.

Among literary men, a famous journalist is a conspicuous bad speller. A brief examination of his "copy" is gento hide the tears that he could no long- erally sufficient to discover an error. er force back, and the lovers were In a short letter of his occurs the curious blunder, "populer."

But plenty of authors slip occasionally. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes makes a mistake in spelling the rather common word "indispensable," which he writes "indispensible."-Pearson's Weekly.

An Old Doctor's Opinion.

"Half the dyspepsia and indigestion and general debility from which so many people seem to be suffering is due to nothing in the world except a lack of exercise," said an old physician, with a wise shake of his head. all these department clerks, for instance. More than half of them lose from twenty to thirty days a year of government time on account of sickness due to these causes. It is not remarkable that they should, either. They get up in the morning, hurry through breakfast, and rush out and get aboard a car. When they reach their offices, instead of climbing up stairs, they get in the elevator and ride up. At noon they dawdle around instead of a brisk walk of ten or fifteen minutes to expel the stale air they have been breathing all the morning from their lungs and cleaning them out with the fresh article. After office hours they are listless and worn out, or feel that way, and ride home again to eat dinner, with no appetite, and lie around idle till bedtime. I tell you that everybody ought to climb up three or four flights of stairs at least once a day in order to bring important muscles into play, and everybody, too, ought to take a brisk walk at least a quarter of an hour every day, with no other object than the walk in view. There'd be more well stomachs in the vicinity if they did. - Washington Post.

A Hotel Hoodoo.

"Don't shut that book. If you do you'll hoodoo this house," said a clerk in one of the largest hotels last night to a visitor, who, in leaving, had care lessly closed the hotel register. The clerk insisted, and the visitor returned to open the book and ask an expianation. "Why, don't you know," the clerk said, "that if you shut a hotel register and don't reopen it yourself you hoodoo the book? The next person registering on that book is sure to be a dead beat. At least that is the universal superstition among hotel men, and my observation has been that there is something in it. I wouldn't open that book to-night. I have often gone half way across the office to put my finger detween the leaves to prevent some careless person like yourself from shutting the register. -Almost everyone has a superstition, and that is one of the most important in a hotel clerk's creed. "-Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Toogood-I don't see how it is that men find so much pleasure in

such a brutal business as prize fight-Broken Face Bill-I don't see how we can help it, lady. The women is the sweet woman is never so happy as crowdin us men out of all the professions, and they ain't nothin' else fer us to do. That's the only reason I'm in it, ladg. -Roxbury Gazette.



EVERYBODY IS SUPERSTITIOUS.

Point Argued by a Louisville Second-Hand

Dealer Who Has Observed. "I don't believe there is a man living who is without his pet superstition, remarked a second-hand furniture dealer, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. We constantly have people who sell us articles of household use, and come in after a few weeks-sometimes only days-and try to buy them back again. with the explanation that they had 'had bad luck' ever since the sale was made and never would have good luck again until the bargain was undone. One woman who had sold us her grandmother's clock fairly wept because it

was gone before she could buy it again. "The idea is not confined to unedueated or ignorant people, by any means. At this very time I know a Louisville business man of great culture and refinement who is vigorously pursuing an old wooden desk which he owned many years ago-a desk on which he made an normous amount of money by a few lucky strokes of his pen. The desk passed from hand to hand and out of his possession; he is now earnestly endeavoring to trace it and purchase it, believing that recent business reverses and hard times will flee away if he can only stretch his legs once more under that same old desk "

Mirrors That Are Transparent. A great many devices are known for

the purpose of enabling people in a house to see what is going on in the street without opening their windows. A new invention of this nature is reported from Halberstadt, Germany, being a plan for so silvering glass that it reflects the image when looked at from one side, but when looked at from the other is as transparent as ordinary window glass. If this is glazed in a dwelling-room window anyone inside can see all the life of the street, while any passer-by looking in at the window will see but a mirror and nothing more. This avoids, therefore, the annoyance sometimes encountered in

glazing either clear window glass or ground glass, in combining the special advantages of both. One object would be that many people might stop to adjust their personal appearance at such mirrors. An innovation on reverse lines is that recently made in one of the Vanderbilt ball rooms, where the windows by day become large mirrors by night through mechanical arrangements, and thus add simply but wonderfully to the brilliance of the scene.

MUSICAL NOTATIONS.

LISZT was driven to the piano every day. For over fifteen years his daily practice covered ten to twelve hours. MR. Cowen composed the music to "The Better Land" for Mme. Antoinette Sterling while flying through the country at about forty miles an hour.

Miss Eliza Wesley, a grandniece of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, died recently in London at the age of seventy-six. Her father, Samuel Wesley, was the composer of the oratorio of "Ruth."

An amateur violinist in Golden Ridge,

Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co.

Me., made a fiddle out of wood that had been at the bottom of a pond for many years. He saws music out of it for several hours every day, and now his tard, please 'm, to keep the cat from get-neighbors wish both fiddle and perform. neighbors wish both fiddle and performer were at the bottom of the pond.

It is said that the late Hans Von Bulow left directions that a post-mortem examination of his brain should be made to ascertain the cause of the excruciating headache from which he was a life-long sufferer. The autopsy revealed the fact that the end of the nerves had become embedded in a scar of an injury to the brain that he had received in childhood.

IN POLITICAL CIRCLES.

THOMAS F. BAYARD, so it is stated, first mentioned Gresham to Cleveland for the head of the cabinet.

tax case has now been reduced by the newspaper gossips from \$100,000 to \$15,000. GEORGE W. JULIAN, who is living in a suburb in Indiapapolis, is thought to be the last of the free-soil party leaders

LAWYER CHOATE's fee in the income

now living. He is seventy-eight years old and in good health. HUGH S. LEGERE, of South Carolina. Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia, Duniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, all secretaries

Gov. Monros, of New York, has been made a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. The governor traces his ancestry back to Stephen Hopkins, who was one of the pilgrims

of state, died while in that office.

to reach these shores in 1620. SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR, of Massachusetts, has found that John Sherman, the first town clerk of Watertown, Mass., who served about two hundred and fifty years ago, was his ancestor

ERCURIAL

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed. I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumstiam, my arms and logs being swollen to twice their hatural size, causing the most exeruciating rains. I spent hundreds of dollors without relief, but after taking a few bottles of Improved rapidly and am now a well man, complete ly cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Rhevated R. R. Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases malled free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Go.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THE Connecticut river was named by he Dutch Versche river, "fresh river. QUICKSILVER, poured in a glass, will not fill it to the brim, as it forms a convex surface, and is higher in the center than at the brim.

A NOVEL way of committing suicide was attempted by a crazy negro in Cory-don, Ky. He clutched a mule's tail, and clung fast to it until the animal had almost kicked him to death. A rigen lately on exhibition in Lyons,

France, became ill and died. An auopsy revealed the fact that for months the animal had been a sufferer from a well-developed case of Bright's disease. 'LONGSHORE folks in Maine are telling about a big "white whale" which

that region lately. It is said to be about forty feet long and "of a grayish black color. THREE brothers, Victor, Peter and Frank Koch, were married at the same time and place, on May 3, 1870. They and their wives recently celebrated

has been seen cruising off the coast in

their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in Scranton, Pa. A CERTAIN household in Saugus, Me., continued in a state of excitement from hazy morn till dewy eve. Between the hours of dawn and dark the members were kept busy with a fire, a birth, a

death and a marriage. THE only man present at the funeral of Miss Bertha Rose, who died lately in Clermont, Fla., was the driver of the hearse. She belonged to a club composed of women, and insisted that only women should take part in her obse-

Old Hends and Young Hearts You sometimes see conjoined in elderly in-dividuals, but seldom behold an old man or dividuals, but seldom behold an old man or woman as exempt from infirmities as in youth. But these infirmities may be mitigated in great measure by the daily and regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant, anti-rheumatic and sustaining medicine of the highest order, which also removes dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and kidney trouble. It is adapted to the use of the most delicate and feeble.

The end of a novel (compressed by the editor owing to lack of space) ". Ottokar took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own life."—Deutsche Leschalle.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Soid and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., NowYork City or Chicago.

LITTLE GLARYS—"Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please." Fond Grandmother—"What am I to do that for, my pet! Little Gladys—"Cause! want to draw an elephant."

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a perceneficial effect on the human sys

A BRIGHT IDEA.—Lady of the House— "For goodness' sake, what are you smear-ing on that sofa, Maria?" Servant—"Mus-

I selieve Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. AL-LIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94. It is hard to believe that sin well dressed

is the same as sin rolling in the gutter.— Ram's Horn. No specific for local skin troubles equals denn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Ir you would succeed learn how to do something useful better than anybody elso can do it.—Galveston News. Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A ROOM hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds. You can carry the Pierce's Pleasant Pel-lets right in the vestpocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil. They cure constipa-

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stim-ulate digestive action and palliate the effects and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs them-

Beecham's pills are for billousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent

cause of all of them. Go by the book. Pills roc and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co, 365 Canal Street, New York.

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MILLIONS

and also an ancestor of Gen. Sherman